

The Comickall Historie of

The best regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.

Por. In termes of choise, I am not solely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Besides, the Lotterie of my Destinie
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my Father had not scanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your selfe (renowned Prince) then stood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,

For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That slew the *Sophy*, and a Persian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solymán*;
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart most daring on the earth,
Plucke the young sucking Cubs from the she-Bear;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Misse that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or curs'dst amongst men.

Exeunt.

Enter

the Merchant

Enter the Clowne

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience
this Iewe my Master: the fiend i
saying to me, *Iobbe*, *Launcelet Iobbe*
or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, use your
way; my conscience sayes no, tak
heede honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-sa
not runne, scorne running with th
ous fiend bids me packe, *sia* sayes
for the heavens rouse up a brave n
well, my conscience hanging abou
very wisely to me: my honest fr
mans sonne, or rather an honest v
Father did something smacke, for
of tast; well, my conscience sayes L
the fiend, bouge not sayes my co
counsell well, fiend, say I, you cou
science, I should stay with the Iew
the marke) is a kinde of devill; a
I should be ruled by the fiend, w
devill himsele: certainly the Iew
and in my conscience, my consci
ence, to offer to counsaile me to f
give the more friendly counsaile:
are at your commandement, I wil

Enter old Gobbo

Gobbo. Master young-man, yo
to master Iewes?

Launcelet. O heavens, this is my
ing more then sand blinde, high g
will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young Gentlem
to Master Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne up on your
but at the next turning of all on y
turning turne of no hand, but turn
house.